

AMERICA'S FAVORITE WAR COMICS

10¢

OCTOBER

No. 26

# G.I. Joe

ABC



Nobody Flies Alone...  
MUD and WINGS

More LETTERS for G. I.'s...  
G. I. JOE'S PEN PALS





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# G.I. Joe

#26

in  
"Call Me Mac!"

WHAT MAKES AN ARMY? HOW BIG A PART DOES THE INDIVIDUAL PLAY IN THE CO-ORDINATION OF AN EFFECTIVE FIGHTING FORCE? LEADERSHIP IS THE MOST POTENT DETERMINING FACTOR—BUT WHAT IS LEADERSHIP? THE DEEP-THROATED BARK AND A ROAR? OR THE FREE-AND-EASY SHOULDER SLAP OF A "PAL?" AS OUR STORY OPENS, LEM CORBETT—AND "BAKER" COMPANY GET A TASTE OF SGT. MULVANEY'S LEADERSHIP...

YA THINK WE'RE A BUNCH O' MOLES, OR SOMETHIN', SARGE? HOW LONG WE GOTTA KEEP THIS UP? I'M **BUSHED!!**

LISTEN, CORBETT—IF YA PUT HALF AS MUCH STEAM IN YER DIGGIN' AS Y'DO IN YER BELLYACHIN' YOU'LL BE THROUGH IN PLENTY OF TIME FOR THE **NEXT** JOB. I GOT FER YA! NOW, **GET THE LEAD OUT!**



I ALLUS KNEW SERGEANTS WAS POISON, BUT **THAT** GUY'S OVERDOIN' TH' PRIVILEGE!

AW, YOU GOTTA UNDERSTAND MULVANEY, LEM! HE'S A RIGHT GUY UNDERNEATH. HE'S JUST...

THERE AIN'T **NOTHIN'** UNDERNEATH **THAT** THICK SKULL EXCEPT DREAMIN' UP EXTRA WAYS OF BREAKIN' MY BACK! TELLIN' **HIM** G'BYE SOMEDAY IS GONNA BE A PLEASURE—A **REAL** PLEASURE!

**BUT ABOUT AN HOUR LATER...**

... 'COURSE I KNOW THIS NEWS IS GONNA BREAK YER HEARTS, BUT TRY AN' SAVE YER CRYIN' FER LATER! YOU GUYS IS GETTIN' A NEW SERGEANT! I'M BEING TRANSFERRED!

I'M **SO** SORRY T'HEAR THAT, SERGEANT!





SARGE! YOU'RE **KIDDIN'**!  
THEY CAN'T TRANSFER YOU!  
WE NEED YOU  
**HERE!**

THAT'S THE  
WAY THE BALL  
ROLLS, JOE!

BUT WHERE  
ARE THEY  
SENDIN' YOU?  
HOW LONG'LL  
YOU BE GONE,  
SARGE? WHEN'LL  
YOU BE  
**BACK?**

EASY, JOE,  
EASY! YOU  
KNOW AS  
MUCH AS I  
DO ABOUT  
MY ASSIGN-  
MENT!

NOW, BACK TO YER DIGGIN'!  
ALL OF YA! I AIN'T GIVIN' NO  
SUBSTITUTE SERGEANT TH'  
CHANCE O' SAYIN' MULVANEY  
LEFT 'IM WITH A BUNCH O'  
CIGAR-STORE INDIANS! YOU  
IN PARTICULAR, CORBETT!  
LEMME SEE SOME ACTION  
BEFORE I TAKE OFF!

OKAY—THAT'S MORE LIKE IT! AN' YA  
BETTER REMEMBER WHERE THEM  
MUSCLES ARE **AFTER** I TURN MY BACK!

**A FEW MINUTES LATER...**

KNOCK OFF,  
SAND-HOGS—  
BIG MOUTH'S GONE!  
LET'S LIVE A LITTLE!  
—HEY, HOOSIER—GOT  
A MATCH? OH, MY  
ACHIN' BACK!

**WHAT A  
DIFFERENCE!**  
EVEN THE AIR'S  
SWEETER  
WITHOUT  
MULVANEY  
AROUND  
TO FOUL  
IT UP!

YEAH? WELL,  
HERE COMES  
THE **NEW**  
SERGEANT,  
CORBETT!  
MAYBE HE'LL  
SWEETEN IT UP  
SOME MORE  
FOR YOU!

WOULDN'T  
Y' **KNOW**  
IT? NO  
SOONER  
SETTLED THAN  
ANOTHER SQUARE-  
HEAD.

RELAX, MEN—  
RELAX! FIRST  
THING WE GOT  
TO DO IS  
GET T'KNOW  
EACH OTHER!  
CAN'T DO  
THAT UNLESS  
WE TAKE OURSELVES  
SOME TIME!

NOW, LET'S HAVE YOUR NAMES  
... **REAL SLOW**, SO'S I CAN  
GET 'EM! AN' AS FOR YOU  
FELLERS—WELL, JUST CALL  
ME "MAC"! WE'RE GONNA  
BE FRIENDS, SEE? REGULAR  
PALS! THAT'S HOW SERGEANT  
WILLIE MACPHERSON  
OPERATES!



A WEEK LATER...

... AN' Y'KNOW WHAT HE SAYS TO ME AFTER THAT, BURCH? HE SAYS, "TREAT MEN LIKE MEN IS MY MOTTO!" CAN Y'IMAGINE MULVANEY TALKIN' LIKE THAT? I TELL YA, THIS MAC'S A SOLID GUY!

SOMETIMES BEIN' **FAT** AN' BEIN' **SOLID** AIN'T THE SAME THING, LEM! SOMETIMES...

YOU LOSIN' YOUR MARBLES, JOE? YOU BEEN GLOOMED UP FOR A WEEK! WHAT'S A MATTER WITH YA? WE NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD!

MAYBE HE **LIKES** BEIN' PUSHED AROUND, CARP! MAYBE HE **MISSSES** HAVIN' MULVANEY'S SHOES AROUND TO LICK!

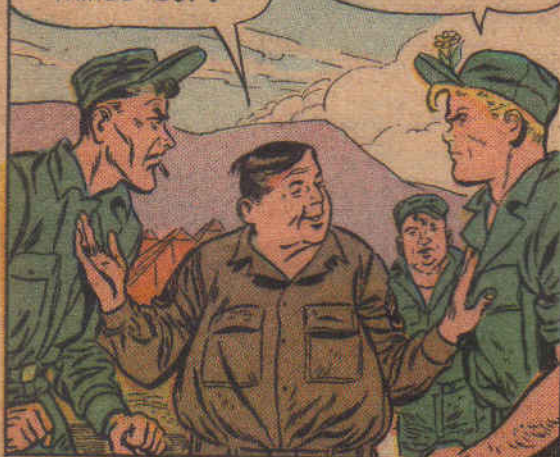
LOOK, CORBETT—I TOOK ENOUGH FROM YOU! I'M—

BOYS—  
BOYS!



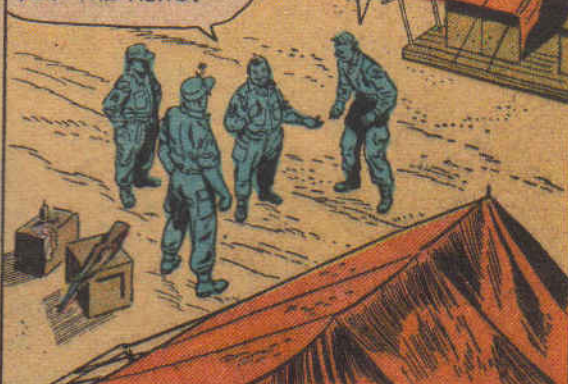
HAVEN'T I BEEN TELLIN' YOU BOYS THAT WE CAN ALWAYS TALK THINGS OUT?

IT'S NOTHIN', SGT. MACPHERSON! I DIDN'T MEAN TO...



"**SERGEANT MACPHERSON**"? JUST CALL ME MAC, JOE... CALL ME **MAC**! WE'RE ALL **FRIENDS** HERE— THAT'S WHY IT'S A LOT EASIER TO TELL YOU THE NEWS!

**NEWS?** WHAT GIVES, MAC?



WE'RE MOVIN' OUT, FELLERS! THIS AFTERNOON! THE LOOTENANT'S ORDERIN' US UP TO TAKE THAT RIDGE THAT WAS GIVIN' YOU SO MUCH TROUBLE BEFORE I CAME ALONG!

Y'MEAN THAT LOUSY HUNK O' GEOGRAPHY THAT'S BLOCKIN' UP THE CANYON?

NOW DON'T GET EXCITED, LEM! THAT GOES FOR THE REST OF YOU

FELLERS, TOO! JUST TAKE IT EASY! MAC'LL SEE YOU THROUGH!



NOW, LOOK— WE GOTTA SHOVE OFF IN A LITTLE WHILE, SO MAYBE YOU BETTER START GETTIN' READY, OKAY? AN' CHEER UP, PALS! MAC'S GONNA BE WITH YOU—

**ALL THE WAY!!!**

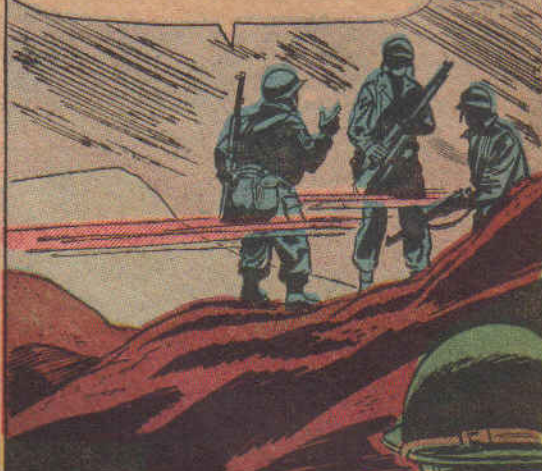




SO, "B" COMPANY MOVED OUT—AND THEY HAD THE BREAKS. THEY TOOK THAT RIDGE IN LESS TIME THAN THEY THOUGHT, AND ALL THAT WAS LEFT TO DO WAS MAKE IT SECURE...



TAKE IT EASY, PAL! WE GOTTA HAVE THINGS SHIPSHAPE! AFTER ALL, THIS IS THE ARMY! DON'T FORGET THAT!



LATER, JUST BEFORE DAWN...



AND IN A MATTER OF SECONDS, "B" COMPANY WAS LITERALLY BLASTED OFF THE RIDGE...



A WEEK LATER...





WELL, NOW---  
I ALWAYS SAY  
IF A PAL'S GOT  
SOME IDEAS,  
MAYBE HE  
OUGHTA GET  
'EM OFF HIS  
CHEST!  
PROVIDIN',  
THAT IS,  
THEY'RE  
**SENSIBLE**  
IDEAS! JUST  
GETTIN' ALL  
LATHERED UP  
NEVER DOES  
ANY...

THAT'S JUST  
IT! MAYBE  
IF WE'D  
**GOTTEN**  
INTO A GOOD  
LATHER, WE  
WOULDN'T HAVE  
TO BE THINKIN'  
ABOUT TAKIN'  
THAT RIDGE  
**AGAIN!**



WHO'S THINKIN' ABOUT IT?  
THERE ARE PLENTY MORE  
RIDGES! WE'LL GRAB OFF  
**ONE O' THEM!**

YOU'RE  
TALKIN' LIKE  
A KNUCKLEHEAD,  
CORBETT—  
AN' IF YOU  
STOPPED TO  
**THINK** ABOUT  
IT, YOU'D...



NOW, FELLERS...  
IS THIS ANY WAY  
FER **PALS** TO  
TALK THINGS  
OUT?

LOOK,  
MACPHERSON  
—I'M ALL  
FOR THIS  
BUDDY-BUDDY  
STUFF **WHERE**  
**IT BELONGS—**  
BUT WE'RE NOT  
AT A HIGH  
SCHOOL DANCE!



JOE, BOY? HOW MANY TIMES  
I GOTTA **TELL** YA? CALL ME  
MAC!



WE'RE LUCKY  
THERE AIN'T  
TOO MANY  
"MACS" IN  
THE ARMY,  
MACPHERSON—  
OTHERWISE WE'D...

ARRIGHT, YOU  
GUYS— **ON**  
**YER FEET!**  
WHADDAYA  
THINK THIS  
**IS—**  
AFTERNOON  
IN A  
**TURKISH**  
**BATH?**



REPORT TO TH' LOOTENANT,  
MACPHERSON! I'M TAKIN'  
OVER **HERE—** IF THERE'S  
ANYTHIN' LEFT THAT'S  
**WORTH TAKIN'!!!**





AND ABOUT THIRTY SECONDS LATER...

NOW, LISTEN T'ME, YOU GUYS... AN' GET THIS SOAKED UP BETWEEN YER EARS! THINGS IS GONNA BE **DIFFERENT** AROUND HERE — **STARTIN' NOW!**



WE'RE GONNA HAVE CLOSE-ORDER DRILL EVERY MORNIN'! TWO HOURS — **BEFORE CHOW!** WE'RE GONNA HAVE RIFLE PRACTICE, BAYONET PRACTICE — RUNNIN', WALKIN'. AN' DIGGIN' PRACTICE! **EVERYTHIN'** EXCEPT **SLEEPIN'** PRACTICE! AN' WHEN YOU'VE LEARNED HOW T'BE **SOLDIERS** AGAIN — WE'RE GONNA PRACTICE **TAKIN' BACK** THAT RIDGE UNTIL WE GET IT! **ALL CLEAR?**



I DON'T HEAR NOTHIN' FROM YOU, CORBETT! WHAT'S A MATTER? Y'AIN'T FORGOT HOW TO PRACTICE **GRIPIN'** HAVE YA?

I-I WAS JUST THINKIN', SARGE!



OH, YEAH? WHAT ABOUT?

WELL — ER — THAT IS — FORGET IT, SARGE!

WELCOME BACK, MULVANEY!



AWRIGHT, YOU GUYS — BREAK OUT SHOVELS AND PICKS! **FIRST** THING, YOU'RE GONNA FINISH THAT DITCH I LEFT YA DIGGIN'!!! AN' REMEMBER — **TH' NAME'S MULVANEY!!**



No End

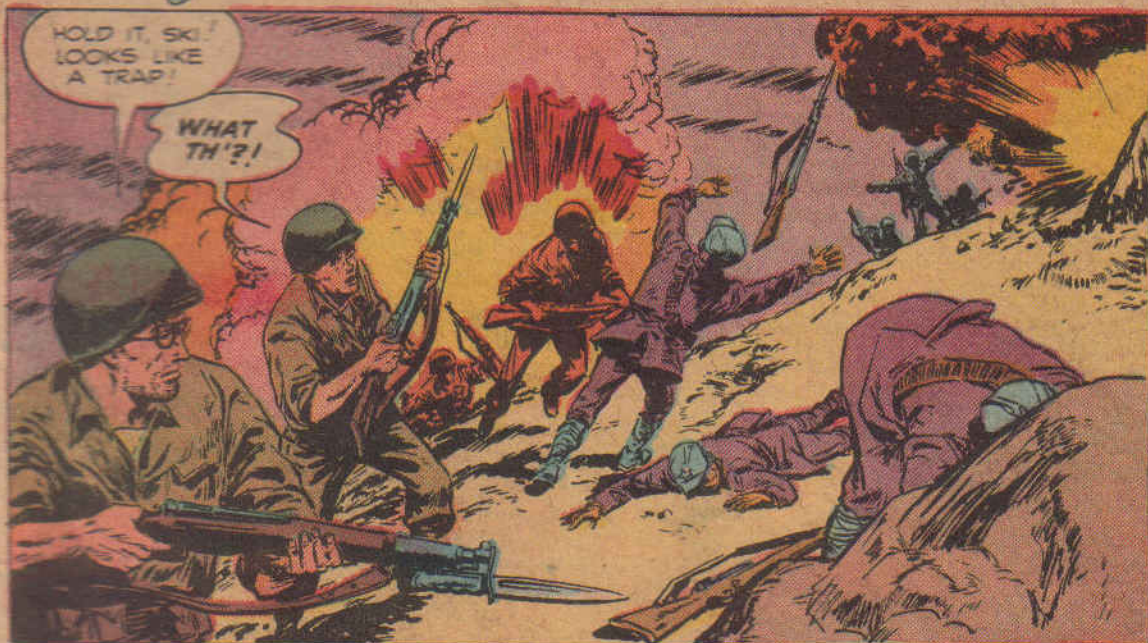


# BUDDIES

in

## The Myth of the Ostrich

LEGEND HAS IT THAT WHEN CONFRONTED BY AN ENEMY, THE OSTRICH BURIES ITS HEAD IN THE SAND. BUT PRIVATE SID ROTHBLATT INSISTED HIS VERSION OF THE FABLE WAS THE CORRECT ONE. TO HIS PARTNER "SKI," HOWEVER, IT WASN'T ANY MYTH. NOW WE SEE THEM IN THE MIDST OF A TORRID BATTLE...



AND THAT NIGHT, AFTER THE HEAT OF THE BATTLE HAD DIED DOWN...



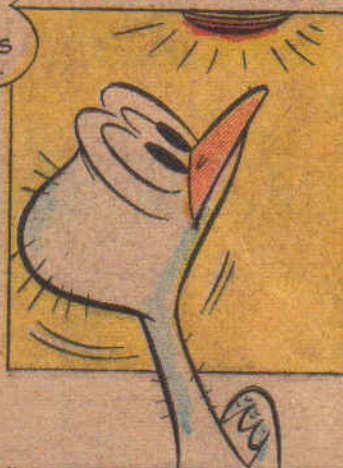
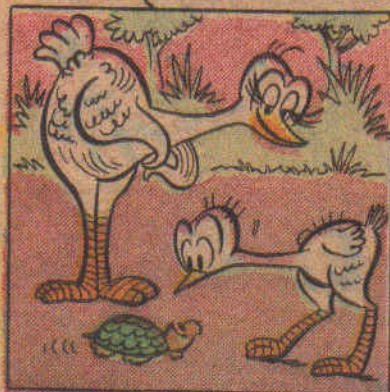




HIS NAME WAS NECKIE AND HE WAS AS CUTE AS AN OSTRICH COULD BE. HIS MOTHER WAS VERY PROUD OF HIM. BUT LITTLE NECKIE WAS AWFULLY INQUISITIVE...

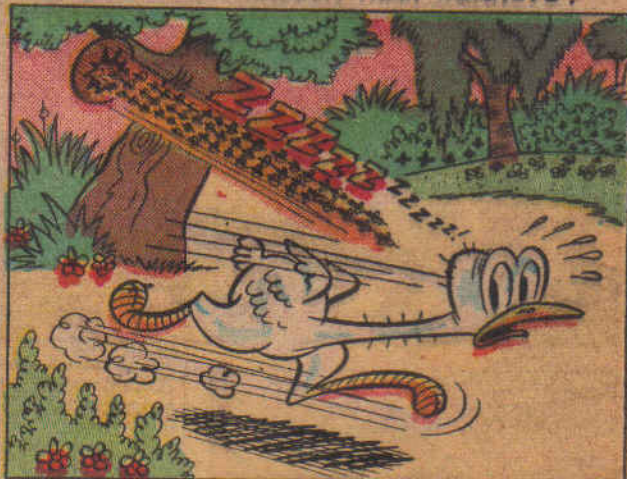
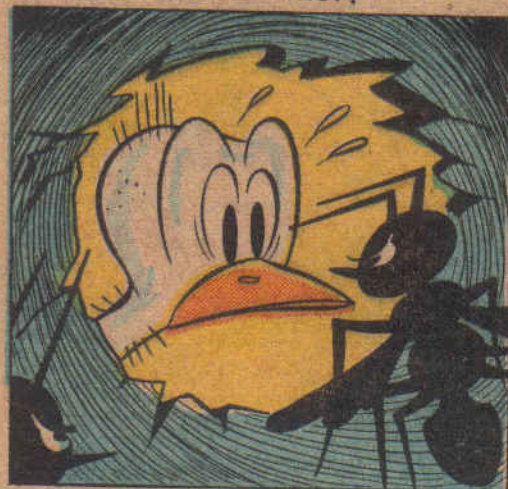
"...WHILE PLAYING ONE DAY NECKIE SAW SOMETHING THAT PUZZLED HIM, IT WAS HANGING FROM A TREE..."

"...HE PECKED AT IT, BUT IT WOULDN'T MOVE - SO NECKIE KEPT PECKING AT IT, UNTIL, ALL OF A SUDDEN..."



"...HE PUT A HOLE IN IT, AND DISCOVERED TO HIS HORROR THAT HE HAD COME ON A HORNET'S NEST!"

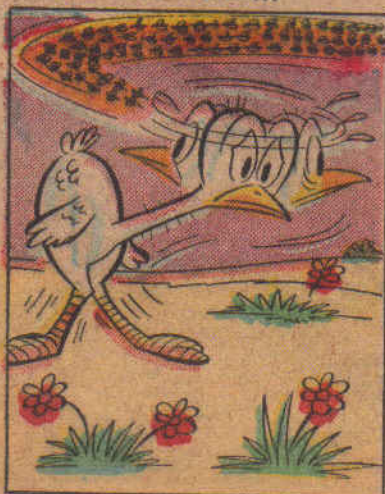
"THE HORNETS SWARMED OUT OF THEIR DAMAGED HOME, AND ZOOMED AFTER THE FLEEING NECKIE! THEY WERE - WELL, Madder than hornets!"



"FRANTICALLY, NECKIE LOOKED FOR A PLACE TO HIDE, BUT THERE WAS NONE..."

"...SO HE PLUNGED HIS HEAD INTO THE SAND! BUT THAT DIDN'T BOTHER THE HORNETS. THEY DESCENDED ON NECKIE'S FLUFFY PLUMAGE WITH A VENGEANCE!"

DON'T EVER LISTEN TO THOSE HUMAN BEINGS, NECKIE! WE OSTRICHES ONLY PUT OUR HEADS IN THE GROUND FOR FOOD! NEVER TO HIDE! THAT'S JUST A MYTH!



IT WAS A SAD AND SORRY LITTLE OSTRICH WHO WAS NURSED BY HIS MOTHER, THAT NIGHT! AND SO, NECKIE LEARNED HIS LESSON!





THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

GEE, THAT WAS A GOOD STORY, SID! I DREAMED ABOUT OSTRICHES ALL NIGHT!

DON'T YOU GO HIDING THE WRONG END IF A MORTAR COMES, SKI!

OKAY, YOU GUYS! GET WITH IT! WE'RE MOVIN' UP!



I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU HOW DANGEROUS THIS SECTOR IS! ROVING SQUADS OF REDS ARE ALL AROUND! STAY WITH YOUR SQUADS AT ALL COSTS! I WANT--

CAPTAIN!

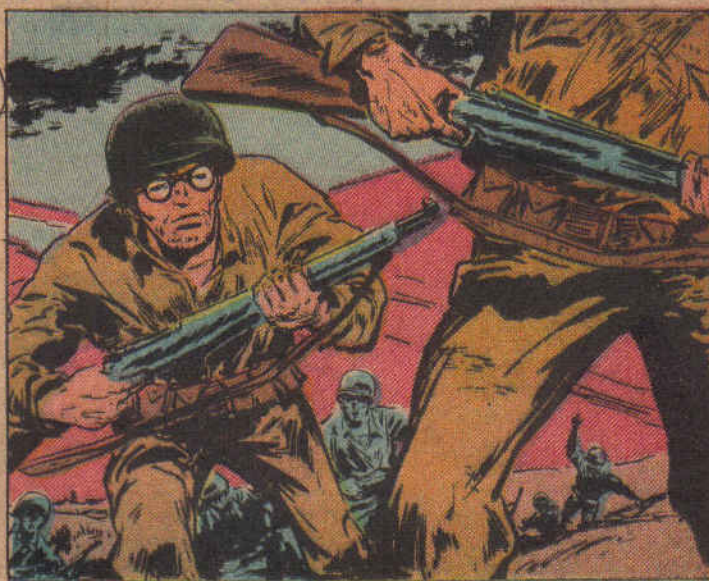


A RED COMPANY'S DIGGING IN ON HILL 503, SIR! THEY HAVEN'T SPOTTED US YET, BUT--

WE ATTACK IMMEDIATELY! GET ME A FIELD TELEPHONE!



AND IN A MATTER OF MINUTES, THE ATTACK WAS UNDER WAY...



SUDDENLY...

AMBUSH! WATCH IT!



THEY REALLY GOT US PINNED!

HEY, THERE'S A BREAK-THROUGH! YOU GUYS FOLLOW ME!





A FEW MINUTES LATER...



WHERE'S ROTHBLATT?

HE STAYED TO COVER US, SKI! THEN SOME REDS MOVED IN!

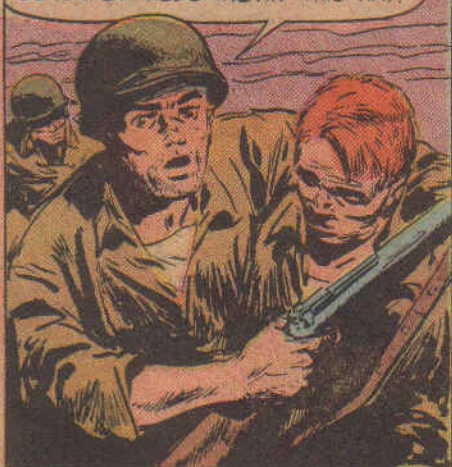
HE'S OKAY! HE'S WITH THE COMPANY!



OHhhh!!

WE GOTTA GET OUTA HERE!

WE'RE CUT OFF! THERE'S A BUNCH OF REDS MOVIN' THIS WAY!



OUTNUMBERED, ONE MAN WOUNDED, SKI TAKES OVER. HE DECIDES TO CIRCLE AROUND TO THE COMPANY'S POSITION...



WE'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST! THEY'RE GAININ' ON US!

LISTEN TO 'EM YELLIN'! THEY THINK THEY GOT US TRAPPED!

WE'LL BE OKAY IF WE CAN MAKE IT TO THAT TALL GRASS!

AN HOUR LATER...



SWELL PLACE TO GET LOST! AN' WITH A GANG O' REDS ON OUR TAIL!

FISK'S LOST A LOTTA BLOOD, SKI! HE CAN'T HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER!

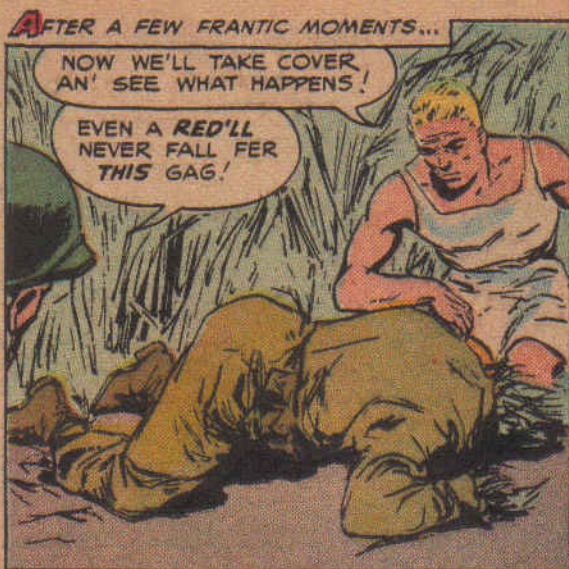
THERE AIN'T SO MANY REDS NOW! I CAN'T HEAR AS MUCH SHOUTING!

STILL LATER...



SAY! I GOT A IDEA! HELP ME CUT AS MUCH O' THIS GRASS AS WE CAN! MEBBE WE CAN FOOL THOSE REDS YET!







BACK AT CAMP...

YOU USED IMAGINATION AS WELL AS COURAGE! A GOOD COMBINATION FOR A SOLDIER TO HAVE WHEN HE'S IN A TIGHT SPOT!

WHATEVER GAVE YOU THE IDEA OF THE DUMMY, SKI?

YOU DID, SID!

ME? I DON'T GET IT!

REMEMBER, LITTLE "NECKIE," SID? HE WAS A "DUMMY," RIGHT? HE HAD HIS HEAD, WELL, I USED THE SAME GIMMICK-- ONLY FOR ME IT WORKED!

"NECKIE?" WHO'S NECKIE?

ER-- HE'S AN OSTRICH, SIR!

AN OSTRICH!! YES, SIR-- ROTHBLATT TELLS WONDERFUL STORIES, LOOTENANT/I ALLUS LEARN SOMETHIN' FROM 'EM!

HM-M-M-M...

AND SO THAT NIGHT...

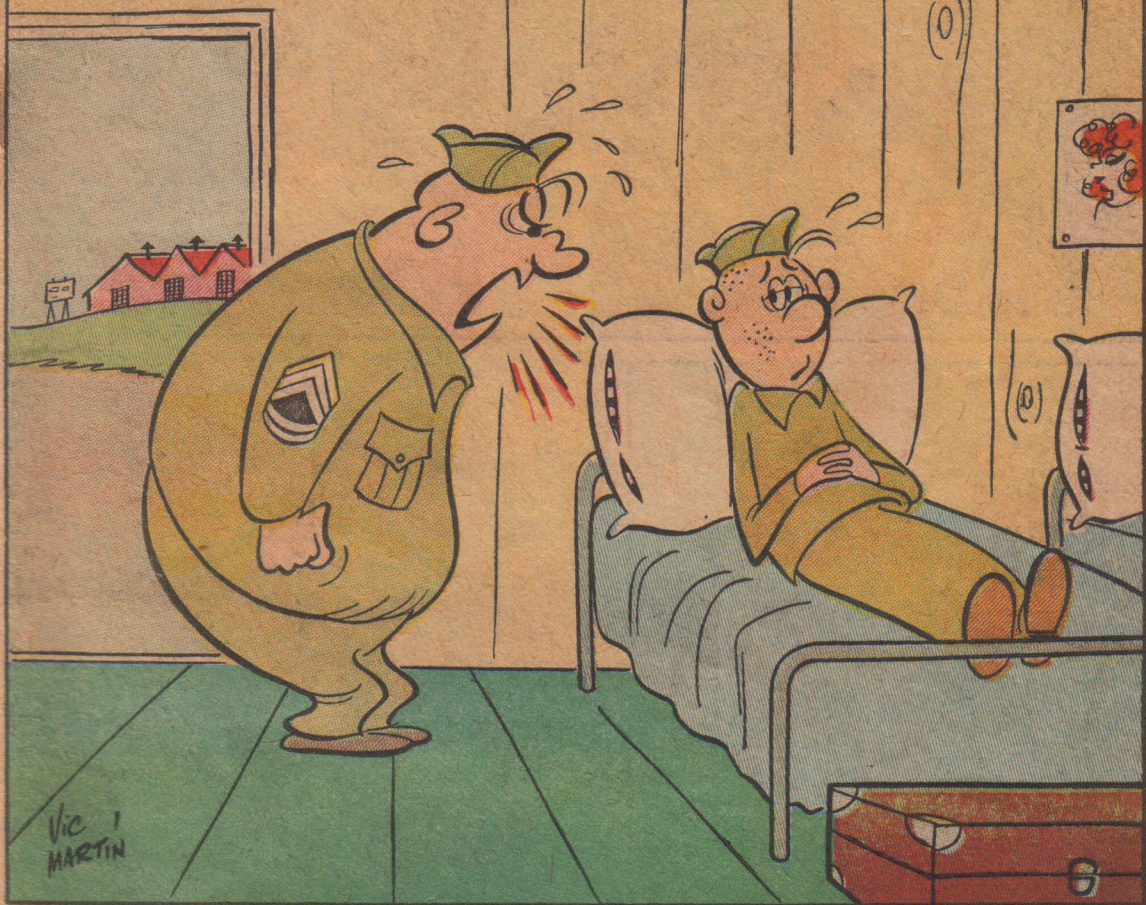
CENTURIES AGO, THERE LIVED A MAN NAMED GHENGUS KHAN! HE WANTED TO RULE THE WORLD, BUT HE DIDN'T RECKON ON ONE THING-- THE LOVE OF PEOPLE FOR FREEDOM...!

AND SO IT WAS! ROTHBLATT TOLD HIS STORIES NOT ONLY TO SKI, BUT TO THE WHOLE COMPANY! AND THEY LISTENED FAR INTO THE NIGHT--AS MEN HAVE SINCE THE BEGINNING OF TIME!

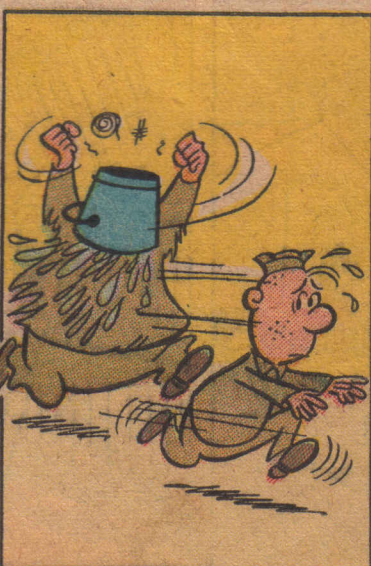
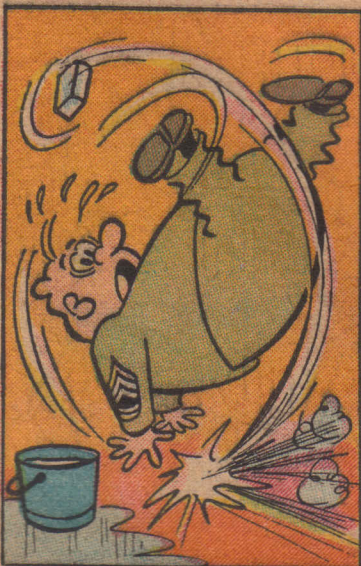
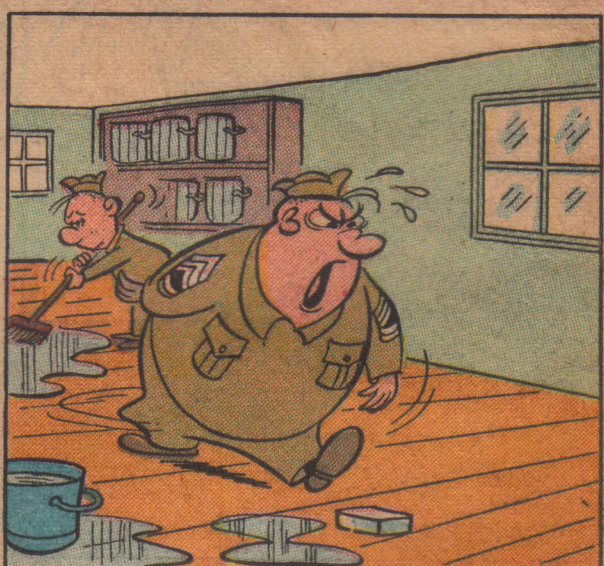
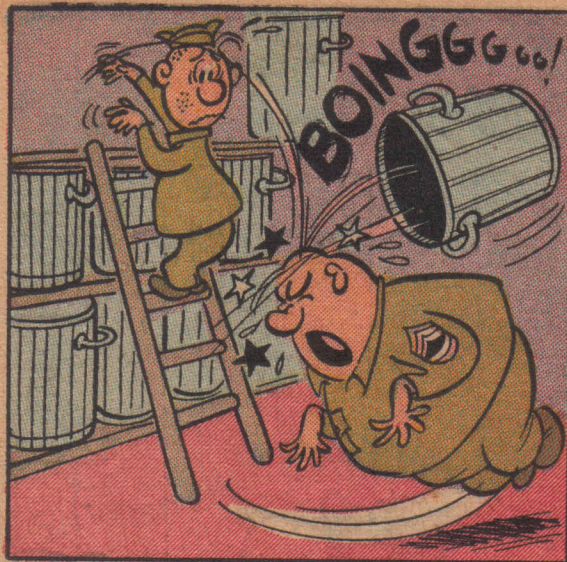


# PVT. DOPEY *in*

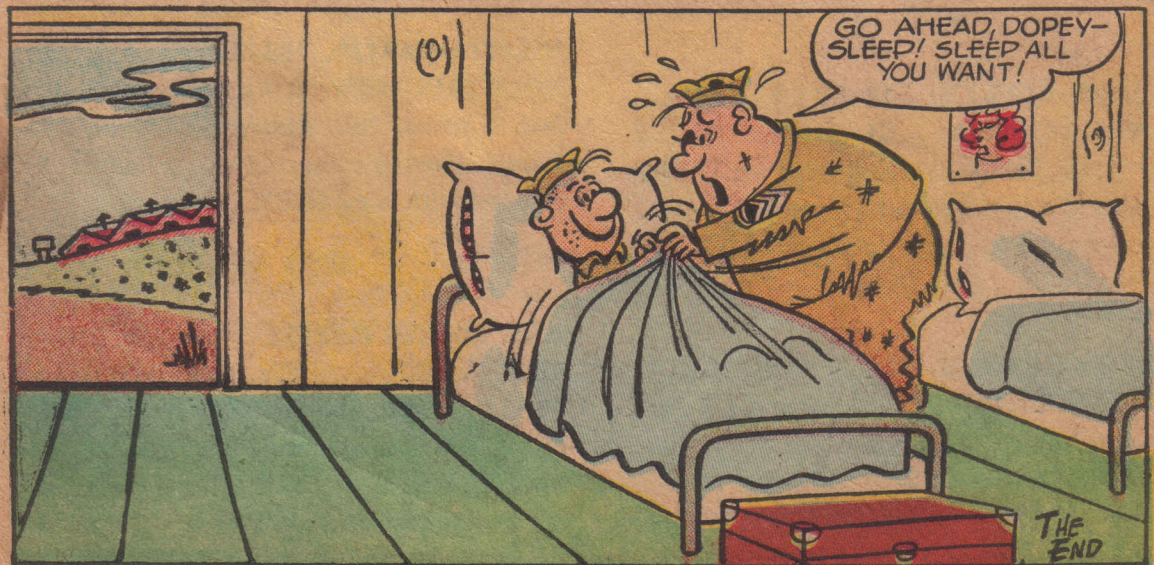
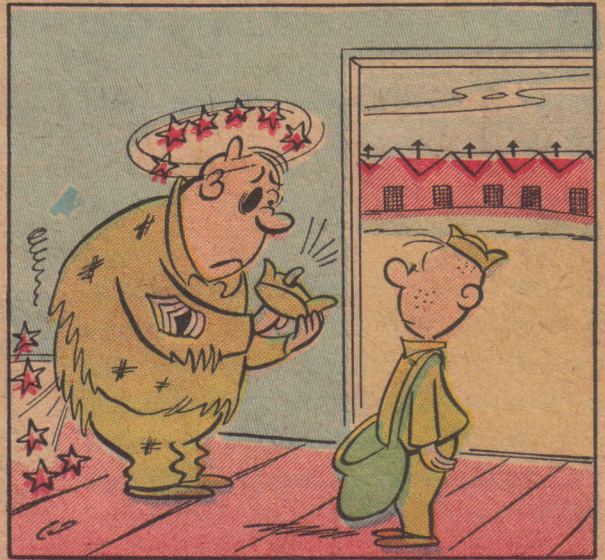
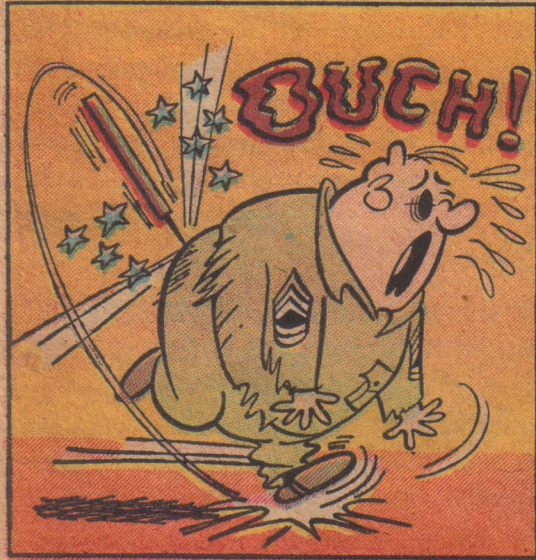
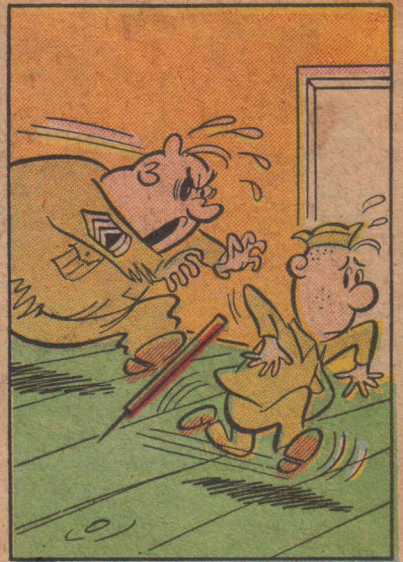
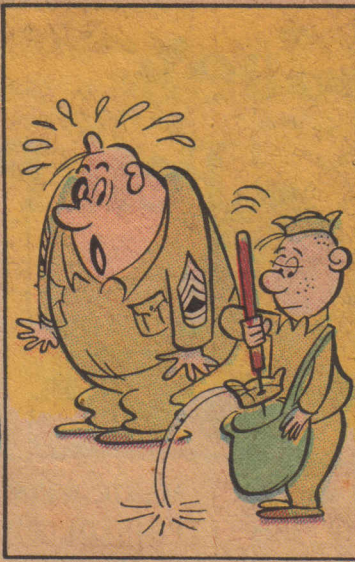
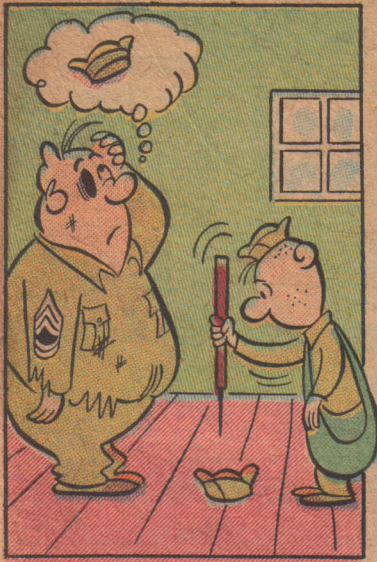
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# G.I. Joe's Pen Pals



OUR G.I.'S IN KOREA WANT AND NEED MAIL. THE LEAST WE CAN DO IS TO FILL THIS SIMPLE REQUEST. THIS IS YOUR PAGE. EVERY MONTH, LETTERS FROM OUR READERS WILL BE PUBLISHED IN G.I. JOE ON THIS OUR "PEN PALS" PAGE. G.I.'S WHO ARE INTERESTED CAN CONTACT THE CORRESPONDENTS WE LIST.

**LUCY D'ATTILIO, 112 LANGLEY ROAD, NEWTON CENTRE 59, MASS. . .** 16 years old, 5 feet, 3 inches tall. Brown hair and brown eyes. Hobbies: cooking, sewing, bowling, and dancing. "If I can send some cheer to some G. I.," Lucy writes, "then it would make me very happy."

★ ★ ★

**DONNA MAE ALLEN, 327 NORTH MISSION ST., COUNCIL GROVE, KANSAS . .** 17 years old, 5 feet, 4 inches tall. Brown hair and blue eyes. Hobbies: skating, baseball, dancing, and bowling. "I am writing to a boy in the Navy," writes Donna. "There are many boys who don't receive mail. I would like to help."

★ ★ ★

**GLADYS RUCKER, 343 CREW ST., ATLANTA, GEORGIA . .** 21 years old, 5 feet 2 inches tall. Brown hair and blue eyes. Gladys writes, "I would like to be a pen pal."

★ ★ ★

**EILEEN PUTNAM, 515 S. COMMERCE, LEWISBURG, OHIO . .** 21 years old, 5 feet, 5 inches tall, weighs 130 pounds. Brown hair and gray eyes. "I like swimming, fishing, skating, and I love dancing," says Eileen.

**MARIE WEIS, 307 WEST ROCKLAND ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA. . .** 17 years old, 5 feet, 5 inches tall, weighs 119 pounds. Light brown hair and blue eyes. Her friends call her "Kitten." Marie says, "... I like writing letters, especially to servicemen who are doing such a wonderful job overseas. I hope that I will hear from some of you fellows."

★ ★ ★

**JEANETTE WARNER, 687 HUMPHREY, BIRMINGHAM, MICHIGAN . .** 18 years old, 5 feet, 3 inches tall, weighs 125 pounds. Brown hair, blue-gray eyes. "I would like very much to write to a young fellow," writes Jeanette.

★ ★ ★

**JUANITA CATLIN, 183 FAYETTE ROAD, MOUNTAIN VIEW, N. J. . .** 17 years old, 5 feet, 2 inches tall. Blonde hair, blue eyes. Juanita likes to write and would love to correspond with some G. I.'s.

★ ★ ★

**MRS. LOUISE HAVELIN, 46 E. E. HOME, BILOXI, MISS. . .** Mrs. Havelin wants to write to G. I.'s. She knows from experience how badly the boys want mail. She has one son in the Air Force, and another son served in the Navy for four years.



MARY COOLEY, 1922 S. SANTA FE, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA. . . 17 years old, Mary wants to correspond with G. I.'s "That's the least I can do to help," she writes.

★ ★ ★

BETTY BORTLE, RTE #1, HALE, MICH. . . 5 feet, 4 inches tall, weighs 118 pounds. Brown hair (shoulder length) and blue eyes. "I love to write letters, and if I can make one soldier happy, then I'd consider it a job well done."

★ ★ ★

SHIRLEY MILLER, 1802 AVENUE F, COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA . . . "I would love to hear from any soldier," Shirley writes. "I will answer every letter I receive."

★ ★ ★

BEVERLY BARTYZAL, 106 4th ST., N. E., NEW PRAGUE, MINN. . . "My hobby for the last four years has been writing to fellows in the Service. Many of the boys I write to are over in Korea. I would like to write to some more G. I.'s."

★ ★ ★

ROBERT MCENTERFER, R. R. 3, ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI . . . "I saw your G. I. JOE Pen Pal page, and thought I would write you," says Robert. "I would like to receive mail from a G. I. in Korea."

SHIRLEY McLEAN, WOODBRIDGE, ONTARIO, CANADA . . . "My friends and I want to write to boys in the Service. We all know how much mail from home means to the G. I.'s. Please write and we will answer."

★ ★ ★

RAE JEAN CLARKE, RT. 2, BOX 690, MARYSVILLE, CALIF. . . . Rae writes, "Soldiers in Korea like to receive mail and I would like to write to them. Especially those that get little or no mail. I would like to do my share...P. S. My friends call me 'Rusty.'"

★ ★ ★

SHIRLEY HESTER, P. O. BOX 294, FITZGERALD, GEORGIA . . . 17 years old, 5 feet, 3 inches tall, weighs 109 pounds. Blonde hair, blue-gray eyes. Shirley loves to dance, sing, and keep house. "My girl-friend and I have launched a 'letter-writing-to-Servicemen campaign'." Shirley says, "We'd like correspondents."

★ ★ ★

RUBY SIMMONS, R. R. #1, PORTAGEVILLE, MISSOURI . . . "I hope to make many friends by writing to some boys in Service. I hope that some boys will enjoy reading my letters. I would like to receive snapshots of the G. I.'s who would like to correspond with me."

**This is your page—Send us your letters**



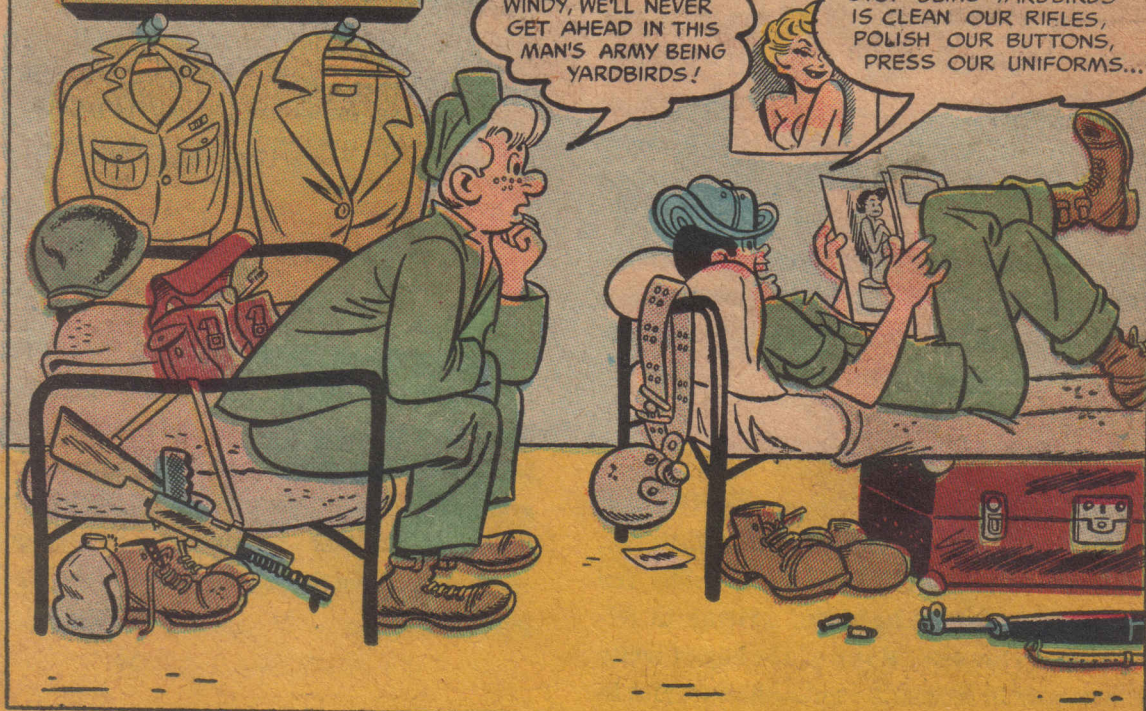
# The **YARDBIRDS**

THERE COMES A TIME IN EVERY MAN'S LIFE WHEN HE TAKES STOCK OF HIMSELF. WINDY BRAGG AND WHITEY HICKS, **THE YARDBIRDS**, ARE NO DIFFERENT. THEY, TOO, THINK OCCASIONALLY OF THEIR FUTURE, JUST AS THEY'RE DOING NOW...

*in*  
**KNOW YOUR ENEMY**

WINDY, WE'LL NEVER GET AHEAD IN THIS MAN'S ARMY BEING YARDBIRDS!

YOU'RE RIGHT, WHITEY! ALL WE HAVE TO DO TO STOP BEING YARDBIRDS IS CLEAN OUR RIFLES, POLISH OUR BUTTONS, PRESS OUR UNIFORMS...

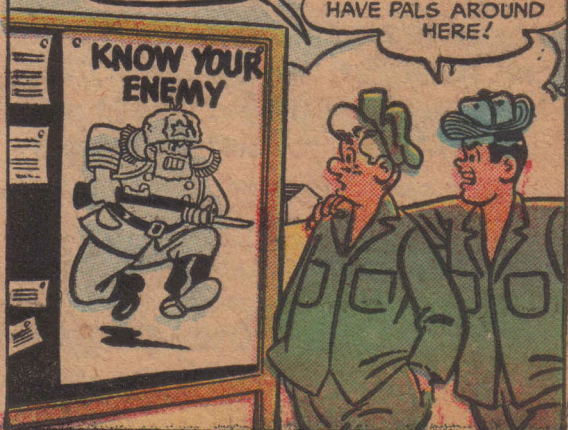


**HEY! HOLD ON!** WE'RE ONLY IN THE ARMY FOR **TWO** YEARS!

MAYBE WE'D BETTER CLEAR OUR HEADS BEFORE WE MAKE ANY WILD REFORM PLANS! LET'S TAKE A WALK!

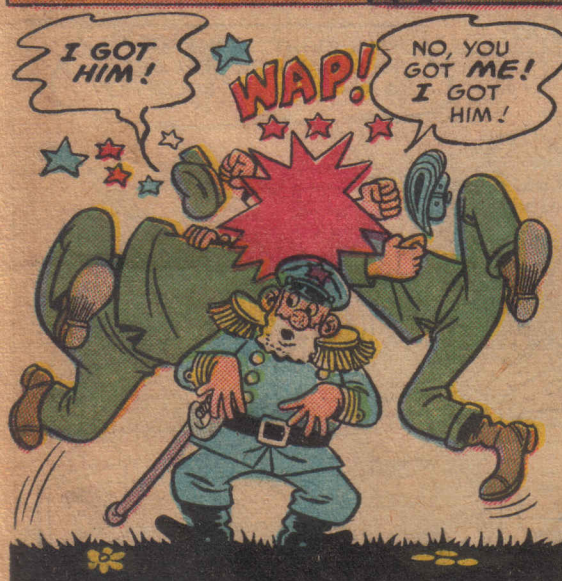
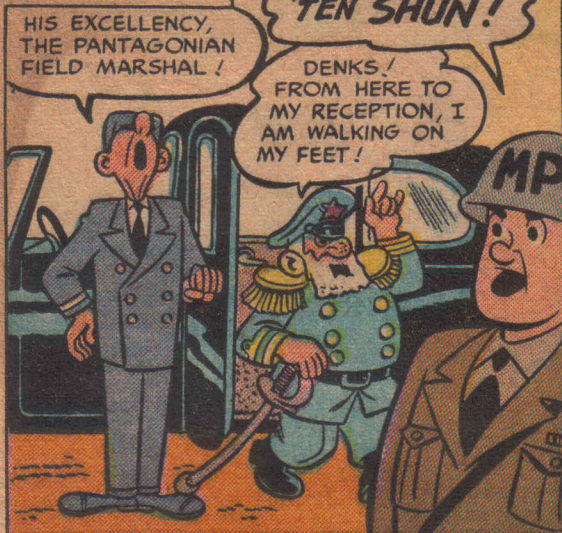
BOY, IF WE COULD SPOT ONE OF THOSE CHARACTERS, WE'D SURE BE IN SOLID WITH COLONEL FUMES!

WE'LL JUST HAVE TO KEEP OUR EYES OPEN, WHITEY. THAT GUY MAY HAVE PALS AROUND HERE!

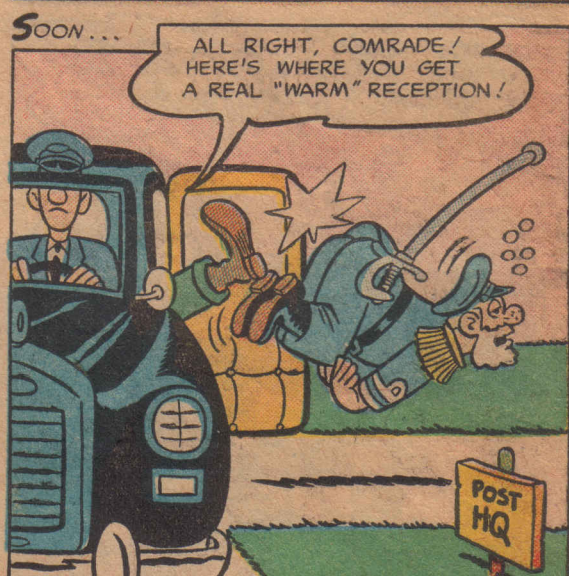
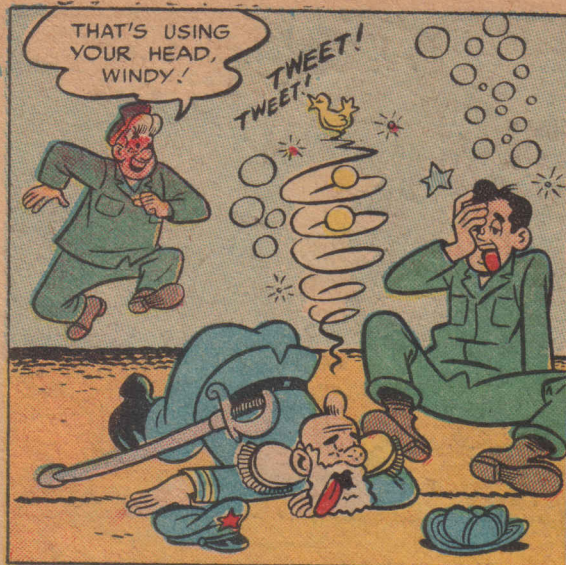




MEANWHILE...

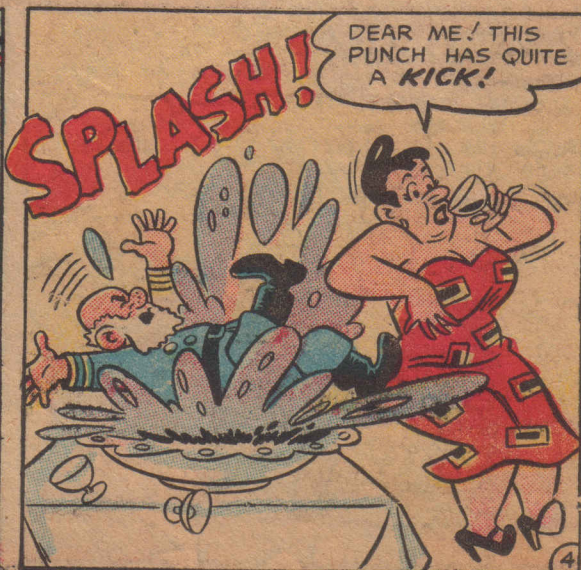
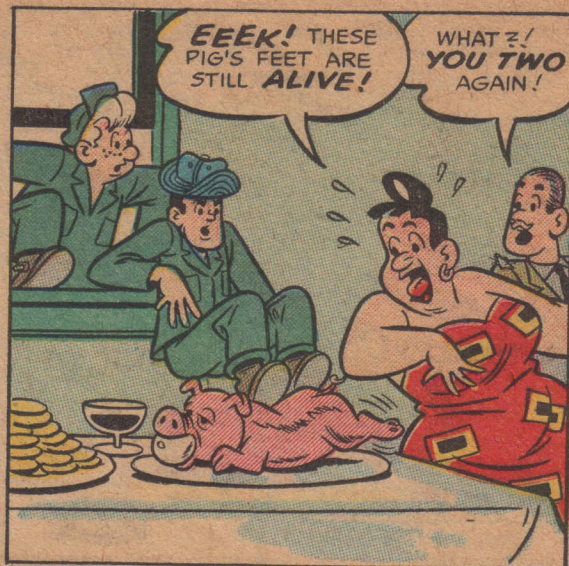




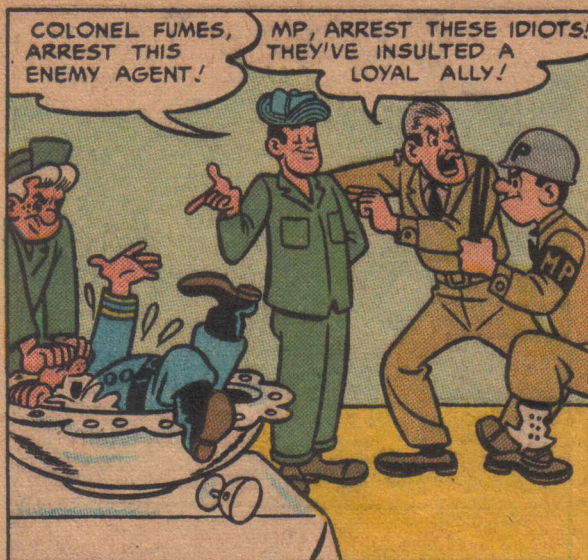




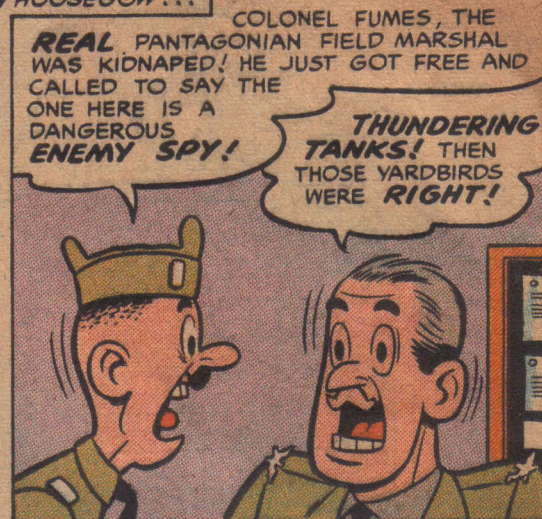
SOON...



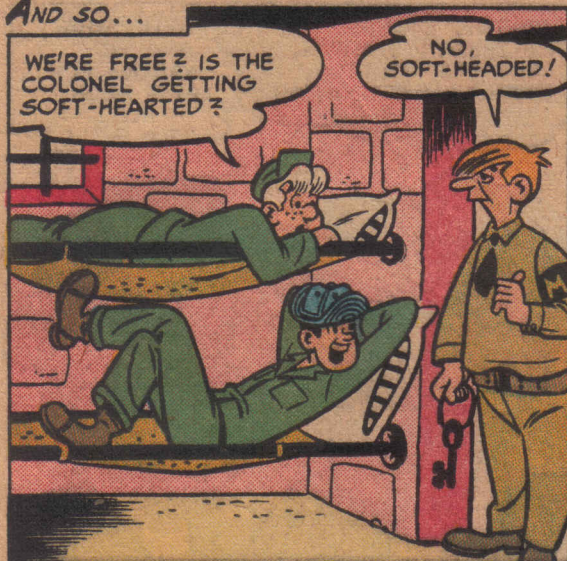




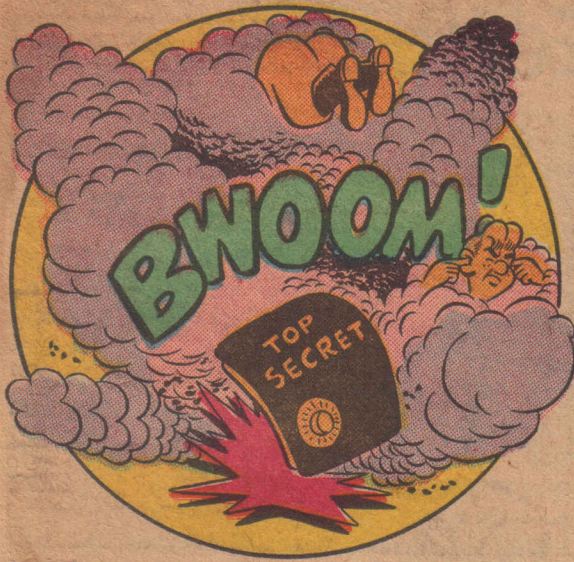
AFTER THE YARDBIRDS ARE SENT TO THE HOOSEGOW...



AND SO...







AS THE DUST CLEARS...

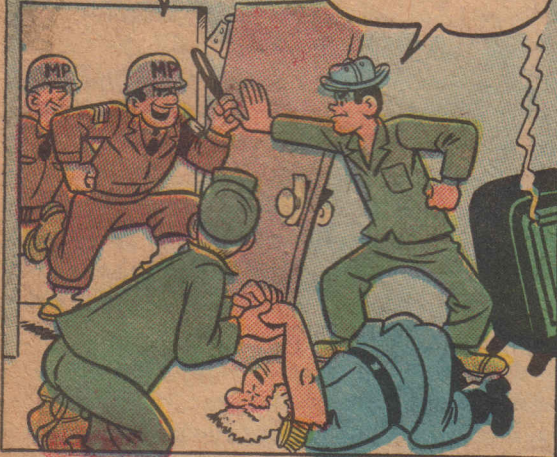
WHITEY, IF WE DON'T REVIVE THIS GUY FAST, WE WON'T LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO SERVE OUR LIFE SENTENCES!

PLEASE, MR. FIELD MARSHAL, WAKE UP!



NICE WORK, YOU TWO! HOLD THAT SPY TILL WE GRAB HIM!

SPYZ... DON'T TOUCH HIM! HE'S OUR ALLY!



LET US AT HIM!

KEEP 'EM BACK, WHITEY!

CALL FOR MORE MPs!



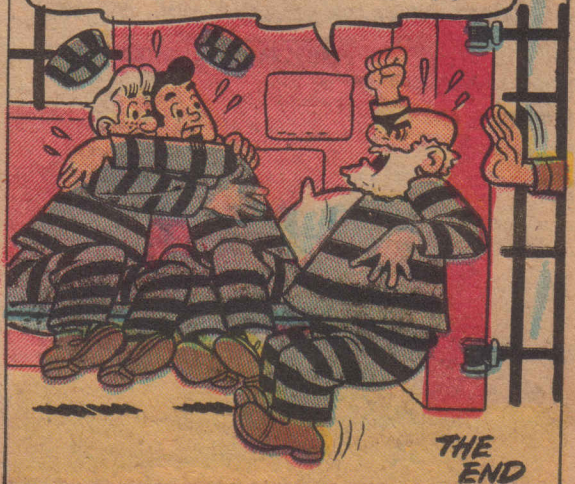
LATER...

I DON'T GET IT! HE'S AN ALLY WHEN WE SAY HE'S THE ENEMY! WHEN WE SAY HE'S AN ALLY, THEY SAY HE'S THE ENEMY! THIS MAN'S ARMY'S TOO MUCH FOR ME...LET'S RESIGN!

WELL, DON'T WORRY, WE WON'T BE BOTHERED BY THAT CHARACTER HERE...



HAIL, COMRADES!!!



THE END



# DEAR GERTRUDE

Somewhere in Korea  
March 21, 1953

Dear Gertrude,

Boy! Some sergeants shouldn't ought to be in charge of men. Being in a responsible job, I mean. They just don't know how to treat men. Not all of them, mind you, but this certain sergeant of Company "A" (that's *my* outfit) sure don't. His name's got to remain kind of secret, you know, 'cause it ain't nice to talk about guys, but his first name begins with a "U" and his second with a "S."

No, honey, he ain't Uncle Sam, and I can say from experience that he's a darned bad nephew.

Let me tell you how it all started. Being that today is what it is, March 21st, the first day of Spring, I got to thinking of you—even more than I do regular. So me and Orville Cot, who was happier than all of us that it was getting warmer because he can't take the cold weather nohow, we decided to go out and pick some flowers. Orville, he wanted to run right out without the Sarge's O.K., but me, I said, "No, sir, Orville. This is the Army and we gotta do things right." So we went to Sergeant Scoliaris—oops, I let his name slip out. On second thought, it don't matter much 'cause he's a dirty snake-in-the-grass, and I told him that to his ugly face. And in case you want to know, Babe, his first name is Ulysses. You know me real good, honey—I don't hide my feelings from anyone. That's what the psychiatrists always told us back in Stateside: "Don't hold nothing back."

Well, I went to Sgt. Scoliaris

Say, honey, I gotta close now. Orville just told me there's a big poker game over in "B" Company area. You know how I'm saving to buy you that ring I promised you two years back when you agreed to become my fiancée. Now I'm gonna win enough money to buy it.

I'll write tomorrow and let you know how much I won.

xxxxxxx (That means kisses)

Your ever loving husband-to-be,  
Sam Cosgrove, Pvt., U. S. Army

\* \* \*

Somewhere in Korea  
March 22, 1953

Dear Gertrude,

Well, as I was saying yesterday, I went to Sgt. Scoliaris, and—Gosh! I know I can't put anything over on you. I got to confess, Babe—I lost all my

money. But you know me real good. I'm the best poker player around, but you can't win when someone is cheating. I wouldn't want to make an out-and-out accusation, but someone *had* to be cheating on account of I *never* lose at poker. I guess that five-'n'-dime ring will have to last a few more months. I hope you didn't throw it away after my last letter. And you said if you used plenty of soap the green came off your finger all right.

Well, to get back to Sgt. Ulysses Scoliaris, I went to see him and said, "Sarge, Private Cot and me want a special favor. Being that it's Spring, we want permission to go pick some flowers."

Boy! He started cussing and swearing, and yelling and screaming like you never heard—and I hope you never *do* hear words like that. But suddenly, he quieted down. He wiped his fat bald head, and then he said, "Gee, Private Cosgrove, I'm awful sorry I lost my temper. Please forgive me. I'll tell you what I'm going to do." All the time he talked, I noticed he was rattling something in his pocket. It made a clicking noise, and he must have liked the feel of whatever it was, 'cause I'm darned if he wasn't smiling.

Then he told me to sit down on his foot locker, real polite. "Cosgrove," he said, "I'm going to let you do some picking—right now." And that was when he brought out what he'd been rattling in his pocket: Three walnut shells cut in half, and a dried-up pea. He put them on the foot locker, and began sliding them around like he thought he was mixing them up. "I want you to watch me real close," he said, "and if you can tell me where the dried pea is when I take my hands away, you and Private Cot can go pick all the flowers you want."

Well, you know me, Gertrude, I watch things. Remember the time your mother's beads broke, and I watched where every one of 'em rolled? Well, same as then, all I did when Sgt. Scoliaris took his hands away, was point out to him which walnut shell was covering the pea. Of course, I was right, and he seemed surprised. Sort of disappointed, too, like he thought it should've been hard to do.

"Okay, Cosgrove," he said, while he picked up the shells, "a bargain's a bargain. You and Cot can go pick your flowers."

I can sure tell you, Gertrude, right then is when I decided Sgt. Scoliaris was a decent man. He wasn't gonna back down on his word, no siree. He even invited me to come and see him again.



Well, while Orville and me were out picking the flowers I told him about it, and about how Sgt. Scoliaris had turned out to be a square-shooting, honorable guy. But when I told him about being invited back, Orville quit picking and gave me a awful funny look. "For what?" he asked, and I told him for just another friendly visit I guessed. Then I told him about the three walnut shells, and how it was on account of me finding the dried pea so easy, and Sgt. Scoliaris being so honorable about his word, that we were out picking flowers.

Orville went right on with the funny look. "Did the Sarge say anything about bringing your money when you go visit him again?" he asked. I'd no sooner told him of course, when all of a sudden, Orville was laughing like I had never heard him before. "The shell game!" he said, and dropped all the flowers he'd picked so's he could slap his knee. "Boy!" he said, "are you a sucker!"

Now, you know me, Gertrude. I'll take a lot from a friend, but Orville didn't stop there. He began calling the Sarge some things that were even worse, and I got sore. I ain't one to stand around while a honorable man gets called nasty names.

I told that awful Orville a thing or two, believe me, including that he sure wouldn't be my buddy any more, now that I'd found out how he felt about fair play, I walked away, leaving him right where he was. He called after me, but—

Oops! A jeep just pulled in full of big brass (high ranking officers, honey) and we all gotta fall out. I'll finish this tomorrow.

xxxxxxx (That means kisses)  
Your ever loving husband-to-be,  
Sam Cosgrove, Pvt., U. S. Army  
\* \* \*

Somewhere in Korea  
March 23, 1953

Dear Gertrude,

I've made up my mind, honey, I'm gonna finish tellin' you about that snake-in-the-grass, Sgt. Ulysses Scoliaris, in *this* letter, even if it means I gotta miss chow.

Maybe you wonder about why I call him a snake-in-the-grass again today, when yesterday I admired him so much. And even lose my best buddy because I took his part. Well, I'm trying to explain it just like it happened, and that's the way it was.

You see, after I walked away from Orville Cot, I was so sore at him over the unsportsmanship way he'd acted that I went right back to see Sgt. Scoliaris. After all, I'd been invited, and I was feeling low, along with being sore.

The Sarge didn't seem very surprised that I came back so quick. He was real friendly, and took time to ask about our flower picking even before he took the three walnut shells out of his pocket. He laughed like anything when he mixed 'em up and I located the dried pea for him every time. "You're a smart one, Cosgrove," he said, and I thought about how square-shooting he was to tell me so. "Got any folding stuff you'd wanta risk?" he asked, and rubbed his thumb over his fingers.

"You mean *bet* you I can find the pea?" I said to him, at the same time getting up my last two bucks which I hadn't bet in the poker game. "Sure," he said, and then he looked at the money. "That all the dough you got?" he asked. I told him it sure was, until payday, and reminded him about the poker game. "Well, Cosgrove," he said, "your credit's good around here, an' payday's comin' along." He already had the shells mixed up again.

Well, this is the hard part to write, Gertrude, and I wouldn't blame you if you didn't believe me, but you know me good, and how I'd never tell a honest-to-gosh made-up lie. In maybe a hour's time, I had enough money *won* (using my credit, of course) for you to *really* throw away that five-'n'-dime ring. I even had the letter all written out in my head how I was gonna tell you, but, all of a sudden, the dried pea wasn't where I *knew* I'd seen him put it. It wasn't even under the shell next to it. It was under the one on the other end.

I rubbed my eyes and watched even closer, but, honey, I gotta tell you I never did find that pea again. Sarge had a pencil ready for my I. O. U.

Next to having to wait for a lot more paydays now, before I can get your ring, what I feel worst about is how decent Orville Cot's been to me. And after the way I treated him, too. He explained those shells to me, but he never *once* said: "If you'd just listened to me!" That's the difference, honey, between a square-shooting, honorable soldier and a fat snake-in-the-grass sergeant. But I ain't discouraged, Gertrude. Orville just told me "B" Company's having another poker game tonight, and he's gonna stake me. I'm a lucky guy—having a fiancée like you at home, and a buddy like Orville out here.

xxxxxxx (That means kisses)  
Your ever loving husband-to-be,  
Sam Cosgrove, Pvt., U. S. Army

The character Sam Cosgrove is fictitious. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.



# G.I. Joe

in

## MUD and WINGS

WAR IS A COMPOSITE OF MANY THINGS: BRAVERY AND FEAR; AGONY AND LAUGHS; VICTORIES AND DEFEATS. SOME MEN SEEM TO HOLD DOWN THE "GLAMOUR" JOBS, WHILE SOME SEEM TO GET THE "SHORT END." BUT WHETHER IT COMES WRAPPED IN MUD OR BORNE ALOFT ON CLEAN SILVER WINGS, WAR BRINGS THE SAME HUMAN EMOTIONS TO THE HEART OF EVERY FIGHTING MAN...



WOTTA DEAL THOSE FLYBOYS GOT! NO LOUSY MUD, A CLEAN BED EVERY NIGHT, HOT MEALS, NO WALKIN' TILL YOU'RE FLATFOOTED! THAT'S THE LIFE, JOE!

YEAH, BUT YOU CAN'T SECOND-GUESS IN A PLANE, SARGE! YOU GOTTA BE RIGHT THE **FIRST TIME!** — BUT, GEE, IT MUST BE A KICK ZOOMIN' THROUGH SPACE IN A JET!



POOR GUY! I FEEL SORRY FOR HIM! HE'S PROBABLY READIN' HIS FAN MAIL!

LOOKIT THAT BABY GO! BOY! **THAT'S** LIVIN'!

PATROL 71... PATROL 71... MAJOR MERRILL REPORTING IN... HEADING NORTH BY EAST... NOW OVER ADVANCE SECTION 531... ALTITUDE 800 FEET... NO RED ACTION AS YET... GOING UP TO HIT MIG VALLEY... OVER...

CHECK RED FORMATION AREA 704... CONTACT BASE... GET US A MIG, MERRILL, KEEP THE OLD MAN HAPPY!



RIGHT RUDDER FEELS KIND OF SLUGGISH! IT WAS OKAY AT TAKEOFF! I WONDER...



MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE BASE...

MAJOR MERRILL IS STICKING HIS NECK OUT, HITTING MIG ALLEY ON A LONE PATROL!

CLAY MERRILL FIGURES LIFE JUST ONE WAY! EITHER YOUR TIME IS UP - OR IT ISN'T! HE DOESN'T ALLOW FOR ANYTHING IN BETWEEN!



I GUESS THAT'S WHAT MAKES HIM AN ACE, CAPTAIN!

MAYBE - BUT MERRILL THINKS HE'S THE ONLY ONE IN THE COCKPIT! HE'S NOT, SERGEANT! NO FLIER EVER IS! OLD LADY FATE'S GOT A WAY OF SITTING RIGHT ON YOUR SHOULDER! SHE'S --



PATROL 71... PATROL 71... COME IN, PATROL 71... REPEAT... 'SEVEN MIGS HAVE SPOTTED YOU... ARE GIVING CHASE... TROUBLE WITH RIGHT RUDDER!' GIVE POSITION, PATROL 71... PATROL 71! CAN YOU HEAR ME...?



THAT'S MAJOR MERRILL! HE'S IN TROUBLE!

IS HE COMING THROUGH?

HE STARTED TO REPORT BACK, SIR, THEN HIS RADIO CONKED OUT!

HOLD IT! I THINK HE'S--

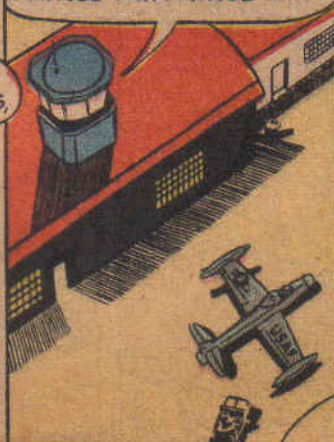


PATROL 71... WHAT'S THAT...? CAN YOU HEAR ME, PATROL 71...? PATROL 71...

KEEP TRYING, SERGEANT! MERRILL WILL GET THROUGH IF HE HAS TO REBUILD HIS RADIO!

YEAH - BUT SEVEN MIGS, SIR!

PATROL 71... CAN YOU HEAR ME? YOU'RE COMING THROUGH FAINTLY... KEEP TALKING... YOU'RE FADING... PATROL 71... PATROL 71...

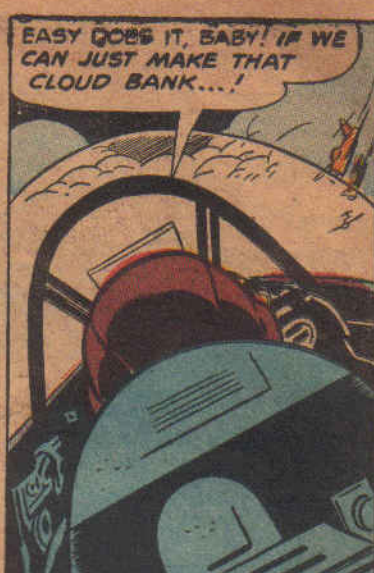


... HE SAID HE WAS IN A SPIN, SIR! THEN I LOST CONTACT!!

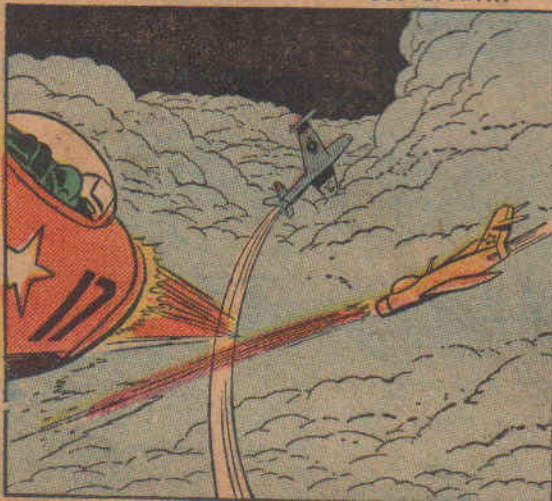




HIGH OVER WILD MOUNTAIN  
TERRITORY, MAJOR CLAY MERRILL  
FIGHTS FOR HIS LIFE...

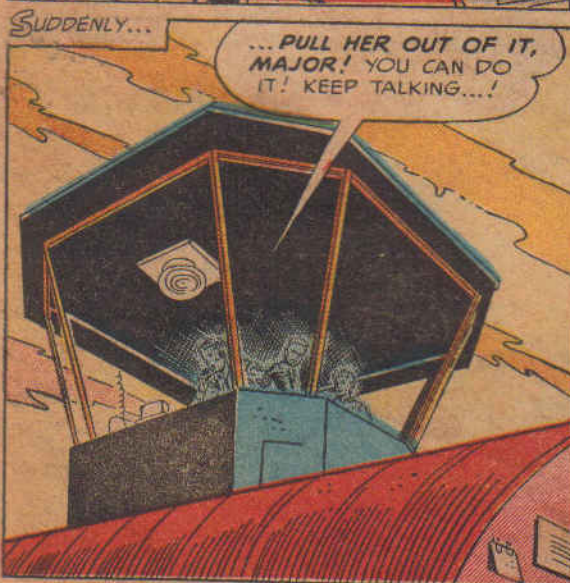


WITH A DESPERATE EFFORT, MAJOR CLAY MERRILL  
FLIPS HIS JET OVER — OUT OF THE DEADLY PATH  
OF THE MIGS AND INTO THE CLOUD BANK...



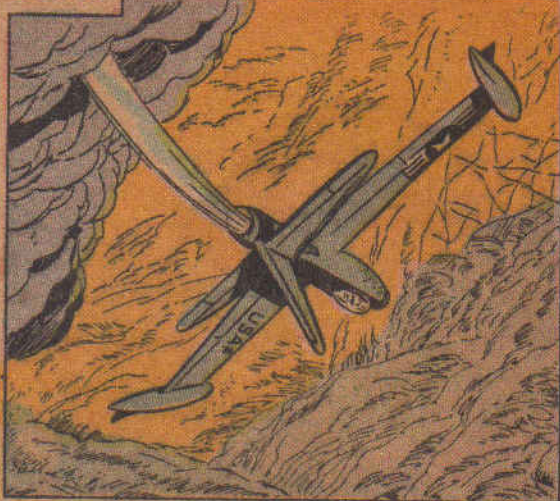


**INSTRUMENTS WHIRLING -- AND FIGHTING SLUGGISH CONTROLS, MAJOR MERRILL FINALLY LEVELS HIS JET IN THE GRAY HEART OF THE CLOUD BANK, BUT...**

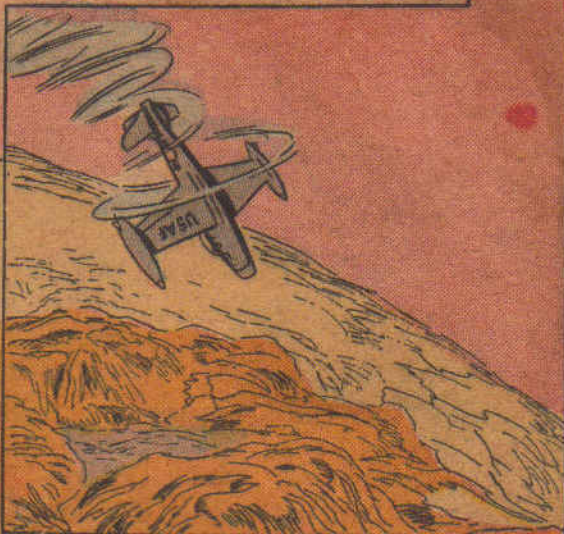




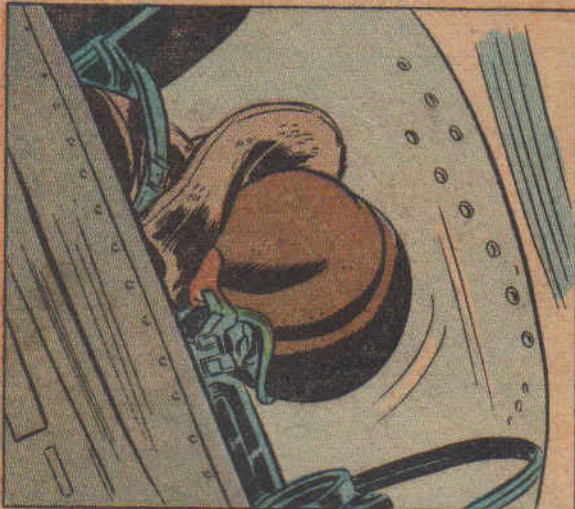
OUT OF CONTROL NOW, MAJOR MERRILL'S JET  
SCREAMS INTO THE BEGINNING OF AN OUTSIDE  
LOOP...



...AND THEN INTO A DEADLY SPIN...



...CARRYING THE BLACKED OUT MAJOR CLAY  
MERRILL TOWARD CERTAIN DEATH!



IS THERE ANYTHING  
COMING THROUGH,  
SERGEANT?



NOTHING,  
SIR!



IT CAN'T MEAN ANYTHING  
ELSE, SIR — CAN IT?  
MAJOR MERRILL  
WON'T BE --

IT'S HOW CLAY SAID  
IT WOULD HAPPEN — IF  
IT HAD TO! IT'S HOW HE  
WANTED IT, I GUESS!

I'M GOING OUTSIDE...





LITTLE LATER...

AF SAID THERE'S NO MUCH USE IN LOOKING, JIM! MAJOR MERRILL'S LAST CONTACT WAS THAT HE'D...

MECHANICS DON'T GIVE UP THAT EASY, CAPTAIN! I KNOW TH' MAJOR— AND I KNOW THAT PLANE!

IF THERE WAS EVEN AN OUTSIDE CHANCE, JIM, I'D BE THE FIRST TO--

THERE'S ALWAYS AN OUTSIDE CHANCE, CAPTAIN! TH' MAJOR NEVER ADMIT IT -- BUT I NEVER SENT HIM UP THERE ALONE! LISTEN!

THAT'S MY BABY, CAPTAIN! TH' MAJOR'S BRINGIN' ER IN!

YOU DID IT, CLAY! YOU DID IT!

SOME TIME LATER...

NOW THAT YOUR REPORT'S IN, CLAY— LET'S HAVE IT, BOY! WHAT HAPPENED OUT THERE?

MIND IF WE DON'T TALK ABOUT IT? I'M STILL KIND OF FUZZY AROUND THE EDGES!

MAJOR! MAJOR MERRILL! CAN I TALK TO YA FOR A MINUTE?

BUT I DIDN'T FIX THE CONTROL, JIM! I DIDN'T HAVE TO! WHEN I CAME TO, ALL I HAD TO DO WAS --

GOOD TO HAVE BOTH OF YOU BACK, SIR!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, 'BOTH' OF US?

I BEEN OVER EVERY INCH OF THAT PLANE, SIR— AND **SOMETHIN'** FIXED IT! IT'S LIKE I'VE ALWAYS SAID! THERE ARE **TWO** OF YOU IN EVERY JET THAT GOES UP! THE PILOT— AN' A KIND OF **EXTRA SOMETHIN'** THAT GOES ALONG FOR TH' RIDE! LOOKS TO ME LIKE YOU FOUND **YOURS** TODAY! YOU DIDN'T COME HOME ALONE!

MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE MUD...

ANOTHER ONE O' THOSE CUSHY JET JOBS, BURCH! GET A LOAD OF IT, WILL YA? LIKE A LOUSY TAXI-CAB! ALL THEY GOTTA DO UP THERE IS SIT BACK AN' LISTEN TO THE METER TICK!

AW, C'MON, SARGE— REMEMBER THE GRASS ALWAYS LOOKS GREENER ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE!

GRASS?

ARE YOU OFF YER ROCKER? ALL THERE IS IN THIS WAR-- IS MUD!!

THE END



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OF A FAMOUS ROYAL ART TREASURE

**OUR GUARANTEE!**

# YOU PLAY INSTANTLY

**—OR IT COSTS YOU  
NOTHING!**

**NO PRACTISING! NO EXERCISES!  
NO LONG, BORING LESSONS!  
NOTHING TO LEARN OR MEMORIZE!**

## 8 STRING Gondolier

Just match **COLOR GUIDES**  
on **GONDOLIER** with **COLOR NOTES**  
on **SONG SHEET** and you're playing  
**POPULAR SONGS** and **FAMOUS CLASSICS!**

**Without Knowing A Single Note of Music  
YOU INSTANTLY PLAY ON SIGHT!**

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Everyone will admire your talent. They'll marvel at your new-found abili-  
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and easily.

**NO OTHER SYSTEM MAKES IT SO EASY!** Just pick the string over the  
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at the incredible low price of only \$4.98. You  
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refund.

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BOOK with words  
and colored  
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